Week!



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Choice Loetry.

HOW JAMIE CAME HOME.

BY WILL. M. CARLETON. Come, mother, set the kettle on.
And put the ham and eggs to fry;
Something to eat,
And make it neet,
Te please our Jamie's mouth and eye;
For Jamie is our cuty soo, you know;
The rest have perished long age!
He's coming from the wars to-night,
And his blue eyes will sparkle bright,
And his old smile will play right free.
His old, loved home again to see.

I say, for't! 'twas a cur'us thing. That Jamie was not maimed or killed! That Jamie was not maimed or killed!

Five were the years.

With hopes and form.

And gloomy, hopeless tidings filled;

And many a night, the past five years

We've tain within our cottage here.

And while the rain-storm came and went,

We've thought of Jamie, in his test;

And offered many a allent prayer.

That God would keep him in his care.

I say, for't! 'twas a cur'ns thing.
That Jamie was not maimed or killed!
Five were the years,
With blood and tears,
With cruel, bloody battles filled;
And many a morn, the past five years
We've knelt around our freeding here,
And while we thought of bleeding ones,
Of blazing towns and smoking guns,
We've thought of him, and breathed a prayer,
That God would keep him in His care.

Nay, Addle, girl just come away;
Touch not a dish upon the shelf!
Mother well knows
Just how it goes;
Mother shall set it all herself!
There's nothing, to a wanderer's looks,
Equal to food that mother cooks;
There s nothing to a wanderer's taste,
I the food where mother's hand is traced;
Though good a sister's heart and will,
A mother's love is better still.

She knows the side to put his plate.

She knows the place to set his chair;
Many a day.

With spirits gay,
We like staticed, and laughed, and eaten there;
And though five years have come and gone.
Our hearts for him beat truly on,
And keep a place for him to day.
As well as ere he weat away;
And he shall take, as good as new.
His old place at the table, too!

And opposite to him, again,
Your place, my Addie, girl, shall be;
Mother, your place
And kind old face
I'll still have opposite to me;
And we will talk of olden days,
Of all our former words and ways;
And we will tell him what has passed,
Since he, dear boy, was with us last;
And how pur eyes have fast grown dim,
Whenever we conversed of him.

And he shall tell us of his fights,
His marches, skirmishes, and all;
Many a tale
Will make us pale,
And pity those who had to fall;
And many a tale of sportive style
Will 20, perhaps, to make us smile;
And when his stories all are done,
And when his stories all are done,
And when the evening well has gone,
We'll kneel around the hearth once more,
And thank the Lord the war is o'er.

Hark!—there's a sound !—be's coming now;
Hark, mother! there's the sound once more Now, on our feet,
With smiles to greet,
We'll meet him at the opening door!
It is a heavy step and tono—
Too heavy, far, for one alone;
Perhaps the company extends
To some of his old army friends;
And who they be, or whence they came,
Of course, we'll welcome them the same.

What bear ye on your shoulders, men!
Is it my Jamie, stark and dead!
What did you say!
Once more, I pray;
I did not gather what you said a
What! drank! you tell that LIE to me!
What! nursk! O, God! it cannot be!
It cannot be my Jamie dear,
Lying in drunken slamber here!
It is, it is, as you have said!
Men, lay him on you waiting bed.

The Jamie, yeal a bearded man.
Though hearing still some boyhood's trace;
Stained with the ways
Of resident days—
Finished with the wioo-cup in his face;
Swelled with the fulls of reckless years,
Echhod of each trait that e'er endears,
Except the heart distressing one,
That Jamie is our only son.

Oh, mother, take the kettle off, And set the ham and eggs awa And set the ham and eggs away!
What was my crime,
And when the time,
That I should live to see this day!
For all the sighs I ever draw.
And all the griefs I ever knew,
And all the tears I ever shed!
Above our children that are dead,
And all the care that creased my brow
Were naught to what comes o'er me to

I would be God, that when the three
We lost, were hidden from our view.
Jamie had died.
And by their side
Had laid, all pure and spotless, too!
I would this rain might fait above
The grave of him we joyed to love,
Rather than hear its couning traced
Upon this roof he has disgraced!
But, mother, Addis, come this way,
And let us kneed, and humbly pray.

Select Story.

AN INCIDENT AT ALGIERS. DURING THE VISIT OF DECATOR'S

[The following sketch, published some years since, of an incident at Aigiers, is from the pen of an officer in the U. S. Navy, but who has since promoted its interests and defended its honor on the floor of Congress. We hardly know whether the acquisition that society has gained in his eloquence at the bar, and the private circle in the charm of his delightful social converse, is sufficient to reconcile us to the loss of so accomplished an officer.]

The bay of Aigiers is one of the scost beautiful I have ever seen. The harbor is of a semi-circular form, at the further recess of which the with rises gently from the sea; and her which walls, flat roofs, and terraces, from the narrowness of the streets, seem, from the seaside, joined together, until they reached the surrounding hills—which are crowned with vineyards, and form altegether a striking and picturesque autipitheatre. On the western point of this harbor, a neck of land projects into the sea, and on its extremity is built one of the strongest castles for the protection of the place. It was from the guns of this castle, that is a few months after the period of which I am speaking, the ship commanded by Admiral Milne, in the gallaut attack of Lord Exmonth, suffered so severely. Close in with this fort our boats were obliged to pass ou their way from our ships to the lauding do pass on their way from our ships to the land

Delightful as was the appearance of all this to the eye, yet from our early recollections of blood and crime connected with the history of the place, we beheld it but as a "whitened sep-ulchre," and the intimation that we were soon to sail for the ulterior objects of our expedition was received, I believe, with general satisfac-

was received, I believe, with general satisfaction.

A costant intercourse had been established between the squadron and the shore, from the moment when our difficulties with the Doy had been adjusted, and the treaty had been signed "word for word as it had been sent on shore." Crowds of officers were daily visiting the town, and among them the midshipmen of the different ships were always to be seen, dispersed over the place, seeking, with a perfect unconcern, even in sacred and unforbidden grounds, for objects to gratify their curiosity; receiving the courtesy of those Algerines with whom, when they were our prisoners, they had become atquainted, with as sincere a good will as if they had never been enemies, or returning the hangity scowl of some strange Turk with a smile of reckless indifference.

It was my good fortune, in addition to my ordinary visits on leave to the shore, to attend the Commodore asone of his aids, in those which he made to the chief officers of the government—and I often had my feelings strongly excited by the humble looks and broken-hearted de-

meaner of the Chintian slaves, by whom the lessonable and coffee were presented and handed to us. Although he were presented and handed drawers and aligners of the Turk, the relicional drawers and aligners of the Turk, the third hand overbearing masters. I had taken a deep interest in them, and had become familiar with many of their faces. Among them, there was a young Italian, of shoot five-and-twenty, the melancholy expression of whose handsome features had, upon my first seeing him, attracted my attention. Thora was something in the eye that apoke of prouder, happier days; and the quiet and my relicional that his spirit was not yet quelled vittin him, and was strongly contrasted with the readiness with which that bidding was obeyed, when it sdministered to our pleasures. It was evident that from some cause, his feelings towards see were those of confidence and friendship. It might be, that he looked upon us as connected with him by our common faith; or perhaps he felix graffed to as as the victors, who had bumbled those who had emiswed him; and, parhaps—san more truly, as I afterwards thought—the base of freedom was dawning on his spirit, and thought for aid and protection. But when the fellials of the contract were his feelings, ours had been so strongly interested in his favor, that several of ms justice were at some pains to learn his story; and, through the kindness of Mr. P., of Virginia—who had been detained since the capture of his vessel, a paroled prisoner at Algiers, until released by our squadron—we were enabled to graffy our curiosity. The tale of poor Angelo Salvini has often been told with darker additions, but I thought it gloomy enough when I first heard it.

Leased by our squadron—we were enabled to graffy our curiosity. The tale of poor Angelo Salvini has often been told with darker additions, but I thought it gloomy enough when I first heard it.

Leased by our squadron—we were enabled to graffy our curiosity. The tale of poor Angelo Salvini has often been told with darker additions, but I

"Steps stamped and dashed into the sand.
The print of many a struggling hand"—
and a silken scarf, or torn mantle, fluttered on
the water's edge, or drifted before the rising
wind, which now meaned around the headlands,
as if, unwilling to fill the lessening sail of the
Corsair, that was springing, with her prey, before it.

fore it.

Poor Angelo! he knew not—and well he did
not—what became of his bride. But like all exiles, who fondly think that, can they but see
their native land again, they may recover all
that made it dear, his whole soul seemed bent
upon seeing his Italian home once more, when,
somehow, by the blessing of "our Lady," all
would come right. He was never seen to smile,
and there was that carrestness of expression in and there was that earnestness of expression in his face—that blending of manly resolution and winning gentleness, which had so struck and touched us at once—which, in a word, had inter-

tonched us at once—which, in a word, had interested all of us most deeply in his fate.

The incidents of that cruise were generally so novel and interesting, that the story of Angelo Salvini may have been forgotten by other officers, among themes of gayer and more engaging character. But there are reasons why it can have the arrest from my memory.

never be erased from my memory.

The arrival and vicinity of our squadron had caused an additional rigor in the treatment of

caused an additional rigot in the treatment of the prisoners, and, as a precaution against their escaping to any of our ships, they were compelled to carry about with them a ball and chain, which in our country are only worn by the most desperate felons. Decatur, with that generosity which so distinguished him, did not hesitate, at his first interview with the Dey, strongly to tremoustrate against this degrating sight, which he and his officers were compelled to witness. The Dey replied, that this severity was indispensable, while the Christian ships were in the offing; but that if Commodore Decatur would pledge his word as an American, and his honor as an officer, that he would not countenance the escape of any of the captives; their rigorous treatment should be relaxed, and every indulgence short of liberty should be accorded them during the stay of the American vessels. The pledge was given for the captives' sake, and strict orders were issued throughout the squadron, that no prisoner was to be allowed to outer a boat, or under any circumstances, to be brought off to the ships.

It was about noon, one day, when, after landing a superior officer on the mole, from the second cutter, we had shoved off, and letting fall our cars, were soon under rapid way. We had proceeded the whole leugth of the basin, and were just doubling the castle which I have already described, giving it only berth enough to avoid the low tocks, that are piled for some short distance round its base, and behind which a person might easily be concealed. We were so near, as we passed, that the musquetoon of the Turkish sentituel was perceptible, as he paced up and down between the groups of canoniera, who were eyeing us through the embrasures of two large picess of ordusance, that nearly ranged with the point towards which I was pulling from the shore. My attention was directed to them, and the water was a little rough which perhaps prevented me from seeing any object floating user the boat's provide the contraction was directed to them, and

from sweeping beyond the reach of the Corsair boatmen.

A single word, and, if we escaped the fire of the Moorish battery, which, from past experience, no one dreaded, the hapless Angelo would have been at least in temporary safety beneath the Stars and Stripes. But I knew my Commander too well to tamper with an order that had been so imperious as that in relation to the captives. His honor as an officer, and his daty as a disciplinarian, would alike have insured the surrender of Angelo, and the punishment of myself; an aggravation of minery to the one, and the disgrace attending so gross a breach of orders to the other, would have been the certain consequences of my pursuing a different course of conduct from what I did. I shall ever remember it as one of the most painful moments of my life, when, as the barge of a Turkish officers hauled along side of me, I determined to surrender the fugitive. I turned for a moment to look, before the act was done, at Angelothers was a fixedness in the expression of his face, as he eyed the exalting look of those who claimed him, that revealed the determined purpose he had formed. Freedom had been almost

Miscellany.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE MOWING.

All shimmering in the morning shine, Ani diamonded with dew,
And quivering in the scented wind
That thrills its green heart through—
The little field, the smiling field,
With all its flowers a blowing,
How happy looks the golden field,
The day before the mowing!

And still 'neath the departing light,
Twilight, though void of stars,
Save where, low westering, Venus hides
From the red eye of Mars;
How quiet lies the silent field,
With all its beauties glowing;
Just stirring—like a child asleep—
The night before the mowing?

Sharp steel, inevitable hand.
Cut keen, cut kind! Our field
We know tull well must be laid low,
Before its wealth it yield;
Labor and mirth and pleuty blest
Its blameless death bestowing;
And yet we weep, and yet we weep,
The night before the mowing.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Reminiscences of the Olden Times in Washton.

I well remember the day, twenty years ago,
when Bunchanan was in the White Hon se, and
Mr. Donglas in what was then regarded his fine
mansion, and received hosts of friends. Jeff Davis, Bob. Tombs, Dallas, of Pennsylvania, Speaker Orr, and many others, now nearly forgetten,
wers the idols of society then. Mayor Wallack
dispensed profuse hospitalities from his residence
near the City Hall. The District was then completely under the domination of Southern men
and ideas. It was essentially a Southern city.
Black people were bought and sold as freely as
horses now. The streets were quagnires. A
hack frequently was so mired on one of our principal streets that it remained two or three days
stack in the mud. A dead horse sometimes lay
for a week on a by-street. Dead dogs and cats
were considered rather ornamental than otherwise in our streets. Things jogged along after
the old style of slavery. No colored person,
slave or free, dared enter one of our public parks,
except in charge of a white child. There were
no colored schools, except a little private one,
kept by Miss Minor, and it was in constant danger of being suppressed. Dr. Bailey published
his National Era then, and it was at the height
of its circulation. I think it nearly reached 30,
000, which in those days was a great success.—
The good Dactor did so well that he lived in generous style, and he used his means in a noble
manner; for his house was at all times the refuge
of anti-slavery people. Mrs. Stowe had just finished "Unele Tom's Cabin," in the Era. Gail
Hamilton was governess in the Doctor's family.
Antograph poems by Whittier were then to be
had for the asking in the Era office. I pickel up
one day among the loose "copy" the whole of the
"The Witche's Danglater," in Whittier's handwriting. Soon after other journals of the North
began to advocate the anti-slavery cause. The
Tribuse and other papers began to crowd the Era,
and the sudden death of Dr. Bailey finished its
brilliant career

Slavery in its most hideous form was king. In a few short years it was destined to a most humiliating overthrow.

And now we have negro schools, negro suffrage, universal freedom and an ex-slave is Marshal of the District! The change is simply marvelous. That it has its drawbacks, is true. The age is dishonest, It "jobs" a great deal, and "rings" flourish. The blacks do not behave so well as they might, and thousands of them suffer. More go hungry, I think, under freedom than slavery. In this District certainly there is a great deal of vice and crime and suffering among the colored people. Probably there is a larger number of them who suffer for good food and decent clothes than at any previous time, but on the other hand, there is a large and constantly increasing class who live respectably and intenlligently. Large numbers of colored children are in excellent schools, and many young men are in Howard University. The experiment of freedom among colored people is precisely God's experiment to the human race. How many abuse their freedom, and yet we hope that there is g radual improvement.—Cor. Springfield, Mass., Republican.

THE STORY OF ROUMANIA.

History and Language Almost Corral with Christianity. The story of Roumania is one of the most interesting that can be told, for its people, a branch of the Latin race, have a history and language almost coeval with the Christian era. In the first century it was that the Daciaus, inhabiting the east of Europe north of the Danabo, defeated in several engagements the Roman legions, and even exacted tribute of Domitian. This disgrace Trajan determined to wipe out, and in 101-4 he conducted so vigorons a series of campaigns against the turbulent barbarains that they were fain to sue for peace, and receive Roman garrisons in their chief city and at all atrategic points of importance. In the fall of 104, however, the natives threatened another rising, and Trajan, who had been much struck by the beanty and fertility of the country, and had selected it as a spot fit to colonize, resolved to exterminate them. Though his commentaries on the war are lost, Dion Cassins and the basteliefs of Trajan's Column tell the story of the conquest. By fire, sword, and poison the Dacians were cleared from Roumania, the Banat, Transylvania, and Bucovinia; a few survivors fled across the Pruth, the Dacian people only existed in history. Trajan sent out four colonies (a fifth being planted by Serverus), stationing them, as the ruins of the great public works existing to this day testify, at the passes along the western slope of the Carpathians. To this far sighted policy (for thus Trajan deprived the Dacians of a mountain stronghold whence they might harry the colonists, and furuished the colonists with a place of refuge against barbaric invasions), is it dine that the Roumanians, as a distinctive Latin place of refuge against barbaric invasions), is it due that the Roumanians, as a distinctive Latin

place of refuge against barbaric invasions), is it due that the Roumanians, as a distinctive Latin people, have survived for nearly eighteen hundred years.

Till the middle of the third century the colonists throve undisturbed, extending their settlements over the Transylvanian plateau, and through the passes into the rich Moidavian and Wallhachian plains. Then began the long series of invasions, as the Goths, to be followed by the Avares, Gepides, Huns, Bulgarians, Tartars, Magyars, Albanians and Turks, swept onward to desolate and destroy. When, in 274, Anrelian abandoned the left bank of the Danube, the bravest of the colonists and those too poor to retreat with him, remained behind, and betook them to the hills. There they remained for nearly a thousand years, till, the Byzautine and Bulgarian empires having passed away, and the Tartar and Mongol inundations having subsided, in the thirteenth century the colonists of Trajan descended from the mountains, spread through their old settlements, and displayed all the vitality and energy they had inherited thirty generations before from the Bourans of the empire of Caesar. With this second descent, the heroes their old settlements, and displayed all the vitality and energy they had inherited thirty generations before from the Romans of the empire of Cæsar. With this second descent, the heroes of which are Bongdan and Radul Negru, begins the authentic history of the Romanian race. Fragments of it were driven far south to settle in Bulguria, the Dobrudscha, Thrace, Macedon, Thersaly, and Epirus, or to the west and north of the Carpathiaus, where they now live under Austrian or Russian rule, but the main body remained compact and powerful. Stephen of Moldavia was their first great leader. After beating the Hungarians in a great battle, and wrenching from them part of Transylvania, and sustaining an impolitic and fratricidal four years' war with the Vlad of Wallachia, which ended victoriously for the Romanians, Stephen, with 40,000 men, at Racova, Jan. 17, 1475, Mahomet II., the conqueror of Constantinople, with 100,000 Turks. The Osmanlis were signally defeated, and hurled buck across the Danube, and against the unnatural hostility of the Wallachians, the religious enmity of the Hüngarians and Poles, and the ceaseless onslanghts of the Turks and Russians, the little State made headway for twenty years. But for Christian hostility, Stephen would probably have made it a firm barrier against the Turkish advance.

Turkish advance.

The same ruinous Christian hostility again ruined the foundations of the Roumanian Kingdom when, a century later, Michael the Brave, attacked in the rear by the Poles while holding the Turks at bay on the Danube, left 40,000 men, the flower of his army, dead on the fatal field of Ploesti. Thereafter the Roumanians could not make head against the Christian Poles and Hungarians on the one side and the Mohammedans on the other, and became tributary to Constan-Ploesti. Thereafter the Roumanians could not make head against the Christian Poles and Hungarians on the one side and the Mohammedans on the other, and became tributary to Constantinople, the Sultan appointing the government. For a century and a half they had to endure the inconceivable oppressions of the Phanariot delegates of the Porte, but the Roumanians boast that they never lost their autonomy, that no mosque was ever built on Moldavian soil, and no Turk ever owned land therin. In 1821 they rose against the Pharnar oppression, under the leadership of Vladimiresco, and drove the oppressors away. Believing that it was a revolt against his suzerainty, Mahmoud II. procured the assassination of the Roumanian patriot, but being better informed of the national aspiration, he, a year later, assented to the choice of a Roumanian Prince, Gregory Ghika. The Danubian Principalities, after the peace of 1829, passed under a Russian protectorate, against which the people rose in 1848, burning publicly the code instituted by the Czar. The Russians thereupon occupied the Principalities in force, exiling all the leaders of the revolutionary party. The Criucan war, and the cession of part of Bessarabia by Russia followed, and Dec. 23, 1861, the union of the two Principalities under the Roumanian name was proclaimed, Colonel Couza, who had been elected their Hospodar in 1859, ascending the throne with the style of Prince Alexander John I. What his subjects regarded as unconstitutional proceedings on his part, led to the peaceful revolution of 1866, when he was compelled to abdicate, and Prince Charles I., a Lientenant in the Prussian Dragoons, and son of Prince Charles of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, was elected in his stead, assuming the government May 21, 1866. A liberal constitution was adopted, under which the people have thriven peacefully ever since, proving themselves worthy descudants of the great Latin race. When the Russo-Turkish war broke out, the representatives of the people assembled at Bucharest, May 21, 1877, dec

A True Tramp Story, of Course.

A True Tramp Story, of Course.

A story has been told us which seems to go far in corroboration of the late Boss Tweed's theory of chances. It is said that something like a year ago a tramp called at the house of Mr. Bailey, in the township of Mosa, and asked permission to stay all night. A little persuasion led to his request being granted, and he was asked to take supper. During the meal Mrs. Baily called to ber daughter, but the young one paid no attention. Again calling, the mother used the full given name of the child;

"Isabella Stevens, don't you hear me!"

The tramp looked up as if interested, and remarked musingly:

marked musingly:
"Isabella Stevens? Have you any relations of

A DREAM OF DEATH.

"Where shall we sail to-day !"

Thus said, med A voice—that could be only beard in dreas And on we glided, without mast or oars, A fair, strange boat open a wondrous ses.

Sudden the land curved inward, to a bay, Broad, calm: with gorgeous sea-flowers waving slow Beneath the surface—like rich thoughts that move In the mysterious deep of human hearts. But Iowards the rounded shore's embracing arm. The little waves leaped, singing, to their death; And skadowy trees dropped penaive over them. Like long fringed lashes over sparkling eyes.

So still, so fair, so roay in the dawn, Lay that bright bay; yet something seemed to b Or in the air, or trees, or lisping waves, Or from the Voice, ay, near as one's own soul— "There was a wreck last night !"

The ship, the crew !-- all gone. The monument On which is writ no name, no chronicle. Laid itself o'er them, with smooth, crystal smile. "Yet was the wreck last night!"
And gazing down,
Deep down beneath the surface, we were 'ware
Of cold, dead faces, with their stony eyes
Uplooking to the dawn they could not see.

One stirred with stirring sea-weeds; one lay prone, The tinted fishes glancing o'er his breast; One, caught by floating hair, rocked daintily On the reed-cradle woven by kind Death.

"The wreck has been," said the deep, low Voice, (Than which not Gabriel's had a sweeter sound, Or sweeter—when the stern, meek angel spake: "See that thou worship not! Not me, but God!" "The wreck has been, yet all things are at peace, Earth, sea and sky. The dead, that while we slept, Struggled for life, now sleep, and fear no storm; O'er them let us not weep when God's heaven smiles

So we sailed on above the diamond sands, Bright sea-flowers, and dead faces, white and calm ; Still the waves rucked us is the open sea, And the great sun arose upon the world.

TOO MUCH CABBAGE.

How a Wicked Small Boy Revenged Himself on his Father—A Denasten Party Incident.

The season of donation parties is rapidly approaching, and the country minister, especially in New England, is carneatly hoping that his frequent, and apparently casual remarks as to the unwholesomeness of beans, may guide the thoughts of his generous parishioners into other channels. The donation party is a shrewd device on the part of thrifty church-goers to compound for their failure to pay their minister a proper salary by giving him a collection of bulky and cheap articles which he does not want. Still, upon the broad principle that something is better than nothing, the impocunions minister clings to the donation party, and cheerfully hopes that the day will come when his parishioners will cease to believe that a full-grown minister and a growing family can subsist exclusively upon beans and pen-wipers. In its incaption, the donation party was, of course, a voluntary affair; but in many places it is now as regular and inevitable as Christmas. Occasionally a congregation endeavors to let the season pass unnoticed, but in most cases the minister boldly meets the emergency by announcing from the pulpit that "the annual visit to the pastor" will take place on such a day; where upon the congregation meekly collects its beans and pen-wipers, and testifies in the usual manner its love for its pastor.

Naturally, the donation party is a solemn and depressing affair. When people who do not want to give away anything, give to their pastor things which he does not want, the ceremony does not promote hilarity. In order to render the donation party somewhat less gloomy than a funeral, those who bring gifts, usually include among them a supply of cake, sandwiches, and in some cases ice-cream. These refreshments are distributed in equal proportion between the interior of the visitors and the exterior of the How a Wicked Small Boy Revenged Himsel on his Father—A Donation Party Incident

in some cases ice-cream. These refreshments are distributed in equal proportion between the interior of the visitors and the exterior of the minister's carpets and chair cushious, and a hollow pretense of cheerfulness in thus kept up. Meanwhile, all the children of the congregation retire to the second story front bed-room, where they play various games and break a good deal of furniture. The children have much the best of the whole affair, and they add materially to the anguish of the minister's wife, as she wonders how many of them will fall against the stove, and whether they will set the house on fire when they upset the lamp.

The peculiar character of Rev. Mr. Wilcox's recent donation party, and the unfortunate results which followed it, were due solely to his small boy's disgust at being forbidden to take part in the juvenile cake orgies of the party. A week before the date fixed for the annual visit to the pastor, this small boy had been detected in the act of creeping into his bed-room window at midnight, after a secret visit to the circus. The ensuing interview with his father did not materially depress his spirits, since he took the precantion to plate the vital portion of his trowsers with concealed shingles; but when he was sternly told that, as a further penalty, he would materially depress his spirits, since he took the precaution to plate the vital portion of his trowsers with concealed shingles; but when he was sternly told that, as a further penalty, he would be put to bed at precisely 6 o'clock on the night of the donation party, he felt his punishment was inhuman, and wickedly resolved to "get square," as he profanely remarked, with his father, no matter what it might cost.

*During the next six days, that astute but fearfully deprayed small boy called upon every one of his father's parishioners, and first pledging them to secrecy, explained, with tears in his eyes, that his dear father was passionately fond of cabbages, and if any one desired to gladden the parental heart, they would bring a few cabbages to the donation darty. The small boy further asserted that his father's sense of delicacy forbade him to make the most distant allusion to cabbages, but that as an affectionate sou, he—the small boy—felt it to be his duty to mention the matter to some noble and generous man. Fach parishioner was delighted by this display of filial affection, and the recollection that cabbages were extremely cheap, and unhesitatingly

Fach parishioner was delighted by this display of filial affection, and the recollection that cabbages were extremely cheap, and unhesitatingly promised that he would bring a whole load of cabbages.

The night of the donation party arrived, and the small boy went to bed, but not to sleep. With much forethought, he had stolen the key of his bed-room, and thus rendered it impossible for his father to keep him a close prisoner, Each parishioner arrived in a large farm wagon, which, after having discharged its human freight at the front door, was driven into the yard. The minister and his wife did not, of course, know the contents of the wagon, but supposing that the popular feeling was expressing itself to an unprecedented extent in wood, flour barrels, and winter apples, were greatly delighted. At 8:30, sixty-three wagons had entered the yard, and only three pecks of beans and eleven pen-wipers had been deposited on the parlor table. The happy minister was beginning to think that at least twenty cords of wood, together with say a dozen barrels of flour, must have been delivered in the back yard, when suddenly his small boy, confident that he would not be punished in public, entered the parlor, and exclaimed in an exulting tone: "Father, there's morenamillion loads of cabbage ont-doors." At this moment the sixty-fourth wagon arrived, and the owner, Deacon Lymau, put his head in the front door, and remarked that he "had brought a few cabbages, but see'n as the yard was chock full, he calculated he might as well dump them under the front windows."

The alarmed minister went out hastily, and

that there is gradual improvement.—Cor. Spring-field, Mass., Republican.

ONLY A SAMPLE.—We printed the other day from the New York Tribune a statement of the public claims for alleged "improvements" which the Southern States already have pending before Congress. Those claims foot up \$192,000,000.
The Tribune now supplements its former list with another, showing the number and amount of private Southern claims, making a grand total with the public "improvement" claims of about sin possession of but one part of one branch of the Government, what may be expected when the full corn is in the ear, and the South has control of all parts of all branches of the Government, if that time ever comes, which may Heaven forbid!

Boys would do well to remember that it is a Penitentiary offense to injure or destroy any of the poles, glasses, etc., of a telegraph line.—Whittling comes under this head.

Event politician—will soon have an Edison phonograph. There is nothing a politician so loves as to hear himself talk.—St. Losis Post.

AN OLD VARHIONED STORM.

The Tempest Which Broke Over England in 1703. The severe gale which has just swept along our Atlantic coast, causing so much damage and wrecking the Huron in its course, calls to mind the most severe storm upon record in modern days, of which Robert Chambers has given us a vivid description. The tempest broke over England on the 27th of November, 1703, one hundred and seventy-four years ago. It was not merely days, of which Robert Chambers has given us a vivid description. The tempest broke over England on the 37th of November, 1203, one hundred and seventy-four years ago. It was not merely a short burst of storm, but a fierce and tremendous hurricane of a whole week's duration. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon of a Wednesday a brisk gale set in, and increased so strongly during the night that it would have been memorable if a greater one had not immediately followed. From Friday to Sunday morning, the tempest was at its extreme height. The affrighted Londoners left their befa immediately after midnight, and took refuge in their cellars. Many thought the end of the world had come. Defoe, who was in London, says: "Horror and confusion seized upon all, no pen can describe it, no words can express it, no thought can conceive it, nuless of some who were in the extremity of it." Only on Sunday morning could the boldest venture forth. The streets were knee deep with bricks, tiles, stoues, lead and timber. On Sunday and Monday none dared to go to bed. On Wednesday it ceased, sud there was a dead calm, just a week from its commencement. Twenty-one deaths were caused by the falling of chimneys alone. After the storm, houses resembled skeletons. Plain tiles rose in price from a guinea a thousand to £6. Bricklayers' wages doubled. It was found necessary to thatch some of the public buildings. The Bishop of Wells and his wife were killed in their bed. In the County of Kent 1,100 houses were levelled to the ground. At Penhurst, in the ancient park of the Sidneys, now the property of Lord D'Lisle, 500 grand old trees were prostrated, and 800 boats and 120 barges were utterly destroyed on the Thames, and scores of dead bodies were washed up and buried. Three men-of-war of 70 guns each, one of 64, two of 56, and one of 46, were destroyed. Rear Admiral Beaumont and 1,500 officers and men perished with these ships. It is only of late years that life saving contrivances have come into vogue. That the first duty of those living on the coa

levying the loss of plundered wrecks upon the inhabitants of the neighborhood. The bill to grant supplies for carrying on the American war was only carried by defeating Burke's bill, so strong was the opposition made to it by the coast country members. On the morning after the storm of 1703, 200 men were discovered on the treacherons footing of Goodwin Sands, crying and gesticulating for aid, all of them knowing that at the turn of the tide they must perish. The boatmen were too busy bringing in the wrecked property to waste their time in saving life. The Mayor of Deal, a monster of humanity, besought the Custom House officers to send out the government boats. This was refused on the ground that it was not the service for which the boats were provided. The Mayor and a few others seized the boats by force, and saved many lives. The Naval Agent refused to aid the poor half-drowned creatures who were thus saved, his duties being, he said, only to provide for seamen who were wounded in battle. The heroic Mayor had, therefore, to clothe and feed the rescued people at his private expense. It was during the storm we have been describing, that the first Eddystone Lighthouse was destroyed. Its construction had been left to the supervision of an incompetent engineer named Winstanley, who exerted himself more in inventing little construction had been left to the supervision of an incompetent engineer named Winstanley, who exerted himself more in inventing little mechanical surprises, than in executing properly the great work he was called to perform. In a room in his house lay an old slipper. If a kick were given to it, by some mechanical contrivance a ghost flew up in an adjoining room. If a visitor seated himself in a chair in one of his parlors, the arms would fly around his body, and make him a prisoner. The lighthouse was just what might have been expected from such a superiatendent. It was built of wood, and deficient in every element of stability. Its polygonal form rendered it peculiarly liable to be swept away. In order to insure the wind full power upon it, it was ornamented with large wooden candlesticks, vanes, cranes, and other useless top hamper. Winstanley had taken his model from a Chinese pagoda. On the outside of the lighthouse he had caused to be painted innumerable pictures of sum and compasses, with Latin and English mottoes, such as "Glory be to God," "Pax in bello," and the like. The last was in allusion to the fancied security of the lighthouse amid the war of the elements. Inside he had caused to be constructed a kitchen, and an elaborately carved state-room, and he had a picture painted, with a likeness of himself fishing from a window of the lighthouse. In his whimsical insaulty he had actually constructed a kheet on top, from which stones could be showered, in case the tower should be attacked. All remonstrance failed to convince him of his folly. On the night of the great storm, the silly engineer was paying a visit to the lighthouse, and perished, as it was proper that he should, when the tower was swept away. Five other unfortunate human beings were in the tower with him, all of whom were destroyed.

An interesting literary reminiscence is connected with the great gale of 1703. Addison compared the spirit of the storm to Marlborough, in return for which rather resonnaing compliment he received the Commiss

Civilization in Western Pennaylvania.

Mrs. Janns Swisshelm evidently nots down oivilination as a failure in Western Pennaylvania. She has no besitation in agying, and also says it boldly, in the Pittsburg Commercial Garctie, that in those roral districts lovely woman does the work of a man, a boy, a woman, and a donkey, and respectable men are not abhamed to lonk while their mothers, wives, and daughters milk churn, chop wood, carry coal, make pies, feed pigs and poultry, while seath one does the work of three Kentucky slaves in the palmy days of slavery. When the boys, brought up by theis slave mothers, come to be men, they get them slave wives, and when they can find an occure for disagreeing with their employers, they go out on a strike and load, while these slave we wash and beg to get a living for them. The ladies turn out in their diamonds and vel'ed, and plod through the und to take care of the "poor failous" and their families. They hirs halls, pay gas bills, get up meetings, and till the whole air with a weak sympathy for the poor victims of some other body's sin; set a lot of dirty, lary losfers to enging hymas, signing piedges, and insulting descent, industrious geople by appearing on platforms as anoral reform ers and monaments of grace and glory. "If your heavylong the paper, say a kirs. Breistellan, wint ter', before last, had put your leaters to cleaming the stream of the motien should be averted to be a were to be capped with a continuing the stream of the motien should be a seried to be begin with, and that the cortes and halls to poten the air and offent the motien's of all decart people, while they kept up a pious smile about repertance all winter long, we would soot have had a folked tongaed ortics any much more about the wise feed of the content is the content is the wi

nity. A ROCHESTER (N. Y.) physician advertises that hase ball accidents will receive his prompt at-

TWEED'S TAKING OFF.

Days that are past Patiently waited This retribution. Holding the fated Final solution.

This is the end of him, Dead on the rack! Surely, no friend of him Wishes him back. Pain was his portion, Justly and clearly, All his extortion Paid for so dearly.

Ah! 'twas a glorious Height where he stoo Living to worry us. Sucking our blood! Now, at the ending. What is his guerdon! Still his effending Leaves us a burdon.

Wisely the chalice is Held to our lips; Riches and palaces. All in sclipse, Teach us to banish Greed so unholy; Thus they all vanish, Leaving us lowly.

Let us. O, citizens!
Pray that at length
God in his pity sends
Health and new afrength
Out of disasters
Gain we this favor:
Francis and Ringmascors
Leave us forever!

Mr. Nashy Sets Down in Betail What the Cross-Ronds Want, to be Thoroughly Con-cilinted, and also States the Grands for His Expectations.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS,

WICH IS IN THE STATE UV KENTUCKY, Aprile 29, 1878.

I hev notist, with a delite wich hez no bounds I hev notist, with a delite wich hez no bounds, the encurridgin, skeems wich our brethren uv the South, the unkonkered and undismayed adherents uv the late Confedracy, wich wuz crushed by the unholy minynns uv the late feend, A. Linkin, but wich will rise agus to clame its own, hev put in to the Fedrel usurpashen for the improvement uv the commershel fasilities uv the South, and the developin uv its gratenis. The sum uv two hundred milyuns for the improvement uv Stathern rivers, and the bildin uv Suthern raleroads, the not ez much es we out to have ment uv Suthern rivers, and the bildin uv Suthern raleroads, tho not ez much ez we ort to hev, will anser ez a beginin. Ef the North is willin to vote that amount to consiliate the gallant South, it will be willin to vote ez much more to keep her consiliated, and when that is properly expendid, it will be easy cnuff to git up another rebelyun, wich will hev to be settled the same way. The sunny South hez dun well by her rebelyun, after all. She hez now controls uv the lower House, and the subsidies and appropriasheus now before Congris will more than pay her for all the war cost, espeshelly when we take into akkount the fact that we repopdiated all the dets we owed the North at the beginin, and that England furnisht all the money on wich the war wuz kerried on. The two hundred milyans wich the Fedrel Guverment is goin to give us, ef a Republikin Senit don't pervent

in to give us, ef a Republikin Senit don't pervent it, is, I may say, cleer gane. The Corners hez bin ankshus to be consiliated ever sence it hex gone over the the Al shen bills. Sence them bills hev bin understood at the Corners, the sitizens hev marmered. They want to know why they shoodent be brot into akkord with ther oppressers, the same ez the other Suthern localities, and why they shoodent be passified ez is other pints wich wuz no more solid for the Confedracy, or wich contribbittid no more to the destruckshen uv the Fedrel Guv-

erment f Issaker Gavitt and Deekin Pogram both insistid, when they red the list uv these ap-propriashens, that onless Congris did authin to attach em to the Fedrel Guverment, they shood remane embittered to the end uv ther daze, and shood never be reconsiled. They wuz konkered, but they wuz not destroyed; and the tyrant mite look for em to rise, in ther mite, at almost any time.

any time. We held a meetin over it, and the follerin res-

mite note for em to rise, in ther inite, as almost any time.

We held a meetin over it, and the follerin resolooshens with past:

Wakeas, The Corners with the follerin resolution of the South, and

Wareas, The Corners with never consilitated, and hates the Fedrel Yoonyun ex hartily and bitterly ex it ever did, and

Wareas, The Fedrel Congris is a passin all sorts uv approprisahen hills to pasify the Suthern hart, and to show, practikally, that by gones is by gones, wich the Corners approve uv, ex it don't pay no taxes, and never did; therfors,

Resolved, That the Corners is uv the opinyun that it kin never regard the North or a brother, and class hands with it, with one flag flyin over em, till the Corners shel see itself numbered among the pints wich are to hev appropriashens for improvements.

Resolved, That the Corners is uv the opinyun that to restore that feelin uv absloot yoonanimity wich is is so desirable, and to bring the Corners into perfect akkord with ther brethren uv the North, the follerin appropriashens by the Ginral Guverment is nessary:

440,000 to lay a plank rode in the bed uv Perkins Crik, to wher it crosses the track nv the Secessionville road, to lessen the frate on likker. When the crik is up so ex to be navigable for flatheats, the plank kin be floated onto the bank, givin us the choice uv water and land kerrige.

550,000 to lay iron on the Secessionville road, to the corn country back, to lessen the frate on corn to the distillery.

550,000 to bay iron on the Secessionville road, to the corn country back, to lessen the frate on corn to the distillery.

550,000 to bore arteshen wells to furnish the starm and the secessity uv layin in ther supplies by the barl.

avoid the nesesity uv layin in ther supplies by the barl. \$50,000 to bore arteshen wells to furnish the water, and the same amount for steem engines and sich to pump the water out uv en, to make Goose Crik navigable in all seesons uv the yeer. \$25,000 to be expendid in borin experimentle wells for oil, back uv the Corners, the money to be expendid by a committy, uv wich I shel be the cheerman. This to develop the resorces uv the Corners, and add to the nashnel welth and granjer.